

THE WORLD IS A WHEEL

THIS WOMAN IS A WONDER.

Mrs. A. E. Axtell Does 140 Miles in a Day on Her Wheel.

AND TELLS THE STORY.

Century Wheelmen's Run to Patchogue Was Not Nearly Enough for Her.

BEGAN EARLY AND ENDED LATE.

Rode Half Way to Yonkers Before Starting and Finished After the Others Had Concluded Their Journey.

The Century Wheelmen of this city made the run to Patchogue yesterday, doing 103 miles on their bikes. Not content with this, Mrs. A. E. Axtell made 140 miles, part of it before the century, the remainder after the others had finished, in the upper part of this city. She made her run at the suggestion of the Journal, to which paper she sent last night the following signed statement:

Editor of the New York Journal:
The cause of my attempting a 140 mile run was a report that women who last year took an century as the goal of their ambition would this year attempt to leave the hundred mile post a long way behind. I did not establish a record for women, as Mrs. Rhinehart, of Denver, last year covered 200 miles in a day, but I believe I was the first New York woman this season to attempt such a distance.

I started from the Metropolitan Cycling Academy, Sixth street and the Boulevard, at 4 a. m. o'clock, for while the Century Wheelmen's third annual spring run did not begin until two hours later, I wanted to run off twenty-five miles before joining the other cyclists on their century run. The only person to see me off was M. L. Brillman, the well known Columbian expert, who was somewhat sceptical as to whether I could cover the ground. I ran through the Park and left my car at Yonkers and back to the city, crossing the Brooklyn Bridge and joining the Century Wheelmen, who had gathered at the Bedford Avenue Grounds. Thereafter went well until near Valley Stream, where one of the men of the party fell in front of me. The alternative was to run over him or fall on him, perhaps knocking both our wheels, so I chose the former.

I caught up my grip on the handle bars, rode a mile, and then a heavy woman, which perhaps accounts for the fact that the faller could not get up, looked at me reproachfully, and rode on.

When we counted noses at Patchogue we found nearly every one had survived the half-way point, but on the homeward trip it was a different story. There was a stiff head wind blowing, which made riding positive work. The women who had made such a gallant showing in the first part of the day began to show signs of weakness, and were very glad to be "rounded." That is, their escorts attached a strap or piece of twine from the rear of their wheel frames to the ladies' handbars, and helped them along. I do not mean to say every woman was forced to accept rescue, but the majority were wise enough to take the hint.

Many of the riders of both sexes fell by the wayside as we struck into the eighties and nineties. Still there was a goodly number left when we reached Valley Stream, the finishing point.

I took a train in from Valley Stream to the city, as I wished to finish the remaining miles of my 140 around the upper part of the city. I feel it a century is quite enough for an "ordinary" wheelman, who does not have a chance to keep it daily practice. The next ride I take for the Journal will be 150 miles.

MRS. A. E. AXTELL.

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The slow division, in which there were 400, left the starting point in bunches of fifty at 9 a. m., and were followed at 8 a. m. by the faster division, which took the Starbuck and others. The run to Patchogue was made on schedule time, being by way of Valley Stream, Seaford, Bay Shore and Patchogue, taking minutes past noon. The fast division pedaled in four abreast.

The run back was a race and was made to Valley Stream in two hours and ten minutes by E. S. Edwards, of the Century Wheelmen, who reached the end at 4:30. He was followed by Hugh McGraw, Louis Moss and Henry Beckwith, the latter named. The remainder of the riders came in in bunches and straggling, a much fatigued lot.

The first woman to arrive was Miss Nellie Benson, who was on a tandem with Frederick Lester. From 4:30 until 8 a. m. the ladies came in, and Captain Gibbs announced that out of the 639 starters, 410 were survivors.

With the exception of the strong wind in the faces of the riders on their return trip, and the clouds of dust, the run was very agreeable.

Thirty-six members of the Riverside Wheelmen, seventy of the Triumphant Wheelmen, thirty of the Paramount Wheelmen and twenty-two of the Greenwich Wheelmen joined in the run. At the finish, Captain Gibbs awarded first prize to the Triumph Wheelmen, and second to the Riverside Wheelmen, six having the greatest number of survivors of any club outside the Century Wheelmen.

The women riders who started and were named survivors were Mrs. Rhinehart, Andy Edwards and Mrs. A. E. Axtell.

FELL FROM HIS WHEEL AND DIED.

John T. Clokey Expires from Apoplexy While Riding with His Niece.

In a rear room of the Alexander Avenue Police Station, John J. Clokey, a real estate dealer, of No. 180 Broadway, died yesterday. He was carried there to await the arrival of an ambulance from the Harlem Hospital, but expired before it arrived. Only two blocks away, at No. 726 East One Hundred and Fortieth street, was his home. His wife and daughter were there, expecting him for Sunday dinner.

Mr. Clokey was very fond of bicycle riding. Every morning before breakfast he took a spin and claimed to feel much better for the exercise. He had symptoms of apoplexy, and his physician advised him to give up his wheel. It was hard to stop riding and he made his trips shorter.

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BIKERS IN PERIL AT THE TOMB.

Wheelmen Glad to Escape the Turmoil Safe as to Life and Limb.

It was all nice and comfortable for the wheelmen yesterday so long as they stuck to the Boulevard and Riverside Drive, but the moment they swung into the hundred-yard circle around Grant's Tomb it began to dawn on them that a dead hero is a better drawing card than any number of live bicyclists.

As early as sun up the rank and file of men, women and children who wheel got out their machines and gressed up for a long day of it. The pretty girl who glides by like a dream, and whisks herself over the hill when you are so warm and uncomfortable that you cannot possibly look your best, was squeezing herself into her tailor-made gown long before breakfast.

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little ceremony a blue-coated policeman bawled in his ear:

"Come, young fellow, chase yourself. I'm in no one's way, and I want to admire the tomb."

"Well, never mind. Slide. They're people what happens to be in carriages at this point."

The conversation ended there, and the young man moved in the direction indicated by the policeman's club. It was not such a bad place after all. The view was excellent, and the young man dropped into another interesting pose across his saddle.

"Say, there, below! Look out below! What is the matter with you? Get out of the way! Wow! Just missed him!"

The voice came from above, as did three planks, which came tumbling down from the top of the stands.

He finally located himself beside a stack of chairs that had been piled up, awaiting distribution. He seemed to be quite well satisfied with his new situation, and again turned his eyes in the direction of the monument.

From the other side of the pile a laborer was trying to extract a chair for his own use, having worked overtime and wanting to sit down. He looked the heap over and grasped a leg that protruded from the mass and deliberately raked with all his might.

The result was that the pile slumped, trembled a second, and came down like a wreck in a furniture factory on the ad-

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TANDEM RIDE ENDS IN A WEDDING.

A Young Brooklyn Couple Bike a Long Way to Find a Clergyman.

This is the tale of a tandem ride that ended at the altar. It happened on Saturday night, and there was some clever scorching done before the agitated riders were transformed from a tandem to a social.

The front pair of pedals were kept revolving by the dainty feet of Mollie Murphy, who had until then lived with her father and mother at No. 82 Bond Street, Brooklyn. Samuel T. Morris performed the harder work appertaining to the rear seat, and when he leaned forward in the saddle he could just peep sideways into Mollie's sparkling brown eyes.

They had been down the Boulevard to Coney Island, and on the way home

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POLICE RAID BROOKLYN'S CYCLE PATH.

Make Forty-three Arrests for Riding at Over Twelve Miles an Hour.

The Brooklyn park police threw out a drag net for scorchers yesterday, and by sundown had captured forty-three wheelmen. Park Commissioner Deffner gave orders that the public must be protected. Captain McNamara put on three new cycle policemen, instructing his forces to arrest any wheelmen riding at over twelve miles an hour on the cycle path.

There were at least 5,000 wheels in the procession on the path in the afternoon. If the tally kept at Rader's road house, at the Boulevard entrance of Prospect Park, is correct, the number was 5,070 between 2 and 6 p. m. Early in the day the Cortelyou Cycle Club made its appearance on the path, headed by Henry

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DIARY OF TOTTIE TANDEM.

Her Wheel Is Smashed, So Is Her Engagement, and It's All Jack's Fault.

Sunday, April 25.

The steering head of my wheel is broken short off. So is our engagement. I feel as if my heart will break next. It was all Jack's fault. I will never forgive him.

My, but riding a tandem is great fun. Jack and I took a trip on one to Claremont today. It was brand new, and he bought it just for my sake. No, he didn't either. That's only what he said. He is nothing but a mean fiend. He bought that old tandem just to keep me from watching him make eyes at other girls. I'll never ride on it with him again.

I'll have my own wheel mended and show him that I can be independent and go riding by myself. I despise a tandem, anyhow. You can't do as you like on them, but have to do just what the man behind you says.

Oh, but I didn't have to work at all when we were going to Claremont. It was easy to fool Jack and make him do all the work. When we were going up hill I would just let my feet rest on the pedals and follow him round. He said several times that I was not much of a pumper, and I pretended to be very indignant, but all the same, I made him show what he was worth.

He deserved it, the mean thing. I would have done my share of the pedaling if he hadn't spent all of his time making eyes at other girls, just because I was on the front seat and had my back turned toward him.

I didn't notice it for a long time. It was on the Boulevard, at One Hundred and Sixth street, that I first caught him. That horrid McAllister girl passed us. Of course she was all by herself. She always is. And then she rides a Mockingbird wheel, and everybody who rides at all knows that they're no good. Billions of sprockets, but I don't see how the elliptical sprocket adds any speed to your wheel. And a four-inch tread! That's the way that McAllister girl talks all the time. Always bragging about her wheel and about how she can ride.

I don't see how she can wear those loud bloomers. And that cap. It's all out of style. Why don't she wear an Alpine. It would suit her size so much better. If anything in the world could suit it.

Jack gave himself away without thinking. I left the right handle bar give way, and I looked back to see what was the matter. Jack had taken his hand off to raise his hat to that McAllister girl, and was smiling at her as if she was the only girl on the Boulevard, and she was smiling back at him, the mix.

"Why can't you keep your hands on the handle bars?" I said to him scornfully. "I was speaking to Miss McAllister," he replied, just as if he hadn't noticed that I didn't like it. And then he asked carelessly like, "Isn't she a gorgeous rider?" "You may think so, if you like," I said, sharply. I was about to cry then, and I began pedalling hard for revenge. We were going up hill, but I was so mad that I didn't notice it until we had reached the top, and I was almost out of breath.

I didn't speak another word until we had nearly reached the Grand Canyon. Just before we got to the arch that they are building we passed Tom Loney and Lucile Single. They had dismounted and were sitting close to each other, watching the crowd pass. I watched Jack this time and he was just as bad. I never saw a man make eyes at a girl in my life as he did at that single girl. Jack always did pretend to like her, and I know she is dying to catch him. What he can see in her I can't understand. I don't believe she's as rich as they say she is, and I know she is the worst bike rider in the Swift Wing Club. Why, she doesn't know what a crank shaft is. I heard her admit she didn't the other day. I don't believe she would know a rattap pedal from a cylindrical sprocket. She's lame when we came to the road house that I refused to dismount and have a claret punch. I'm awfully fond of claret punch, and I was so thirsty, but I didn't propose to have Jack think I would forgive him for what he had done, and I said so that he knew I was indignant. "I want to go home," he said.

Then he tried to laugh it off, and for a long time he wouldn't steer his handle bars with mine. Whenever I would try to turn the wheel one way he would turn it another, just because he is stronger than I. It was a mean trick, and I told him so, and he finally saw I was made sure enough, and he took me home at a clipping rate. Oh, but it was delicious while it lasted. I simply put my feet on the coast guard and let him do all the work. And he was mad by that time, and pumped like an engine. Neither of us spoke a word, and it was in my mind to go home, only I was so mad, and I wanted to cry and thought I would go home, but I couldn't, we were going too far.

After Jack had taken me home I had a good long cry, and then I said I would show him whether or not I could do without him. So I sent him back his letters, and the engagement ring, and I hated to part with that. I kept the opera glasses, because my initials are engraved on them, and he couldn't get them off. I kept the most of his presents have my initials on them. In the future I'll always remember that. It's easy to have the monogram on your things, after all, of course, after they are marked they are no good to anybody else.

I went out by myself on my own wheel tonight, just to ride around the block, so that if Jack called to see me brother Willie could say I had gone out bicycle riding. It was silly in me to go to him in this state, but I didn't want to be seen on the Boulevard alone.

I lost control of my wheel, because it was too light to ride on, and the steering head of my wheel snapped short off. I took a fearful header, and here I am with my arm broken, my left ankle so badly sprained that I won't be able to ride in a week.

I'm glad of it. It will teach Jack a lesson. If I had been on the ground when he broke my wheel, I hope he'll send me roses when he hears about it. I'm tired of violets.

TOTTIE TANDEM.

BICYCLE PARSON'S WORK.

Visits the Brooklyn Bicycle Path and Urges Proper Dress Upon Young Women.

Women.

The latest on the Brooklyn cycle path is the "Bicycle Parson." He was out yesterday in a nondescript costume of black broadcloth, clerical collar and wide-brimmed, skimming-dish hat.

Approaching a young woman in bloomers and a skirt, who was taking a rest, the parson began:

"Listen, it grieves me to see you in such an undecent attire. Have you no regard for the day? Let me recall to you those impressive words, 'Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy.'"

"Up and down the path the parson pedaled, but, sad to relate, he found few converts, although he was laboring in a sterile field, a few days ago, became a law.